

ROBERT BURNS

# CAM O SHANTER

ILLUSTRATED BY GARY WELSH

LAYOUT BY MATTHEW FITT



WHEN CHAPMAN BILLIES LEAVE THE STREET,  
AND DROUTHY NEEBORS, NEEBORS MEET,  
AS MARKET-DAYS ARE WEARIN LATE,  
AND FOLK BEGIN TAE TAK THE GATE;



WHILE WE SIT BOUSIN AT THE NAPPY,

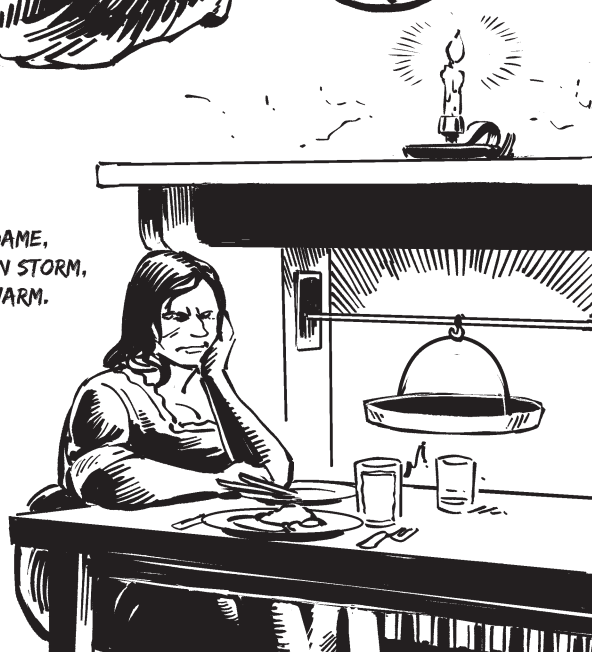


AND GETTIN FOU AND UNCO HAPPY,

WE THINK NA ON THE LANG SCOTS MILES,  
THE MOSSES, WATTERS, SLAPS AND STYLES,  
THAT LIE BETWEEN US AND OOR HAME,



WHARE SITS OOR SULKY SULLEN DAME,  
GAITHERIN HER BROOS LIKE GAITHERIN STORM,  
NURSIN HER WRATH TAE KEEP IT WARM.



THIS TRUTH FAND HONEST TAM O SHANTER,  
AS HE FRAE AYR AE NICHT DID CANTER,

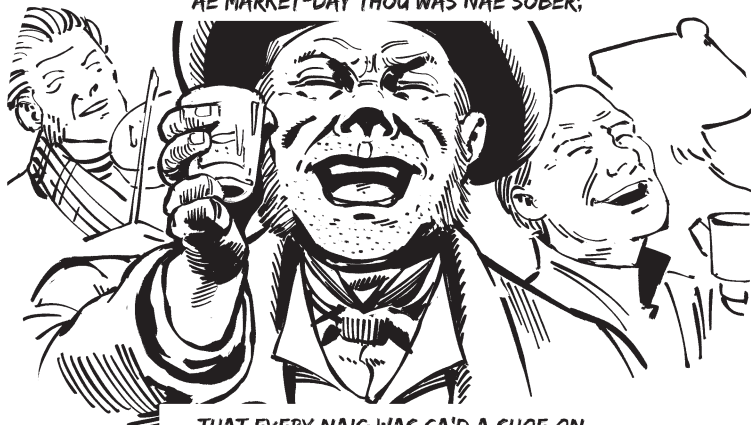
AULD AYR, WHAM NE'ER A TOUN SURPASSES,  
FOR HONEST MEN AND BONNIE LASSES.

O TAM! HADST THOU BUT BEEN SAE WISE,  
AS TAEN THY AIN WIFE KATE'S ADVICE!

SHE TAULD THEE WEEL THOU WAS A SKELLUM,  
A BLETHERIN, BLUSTERIN, DRUNKEN BLELLUM;



THAT FRAE NOVEMBER TILL OCTOBER,  
AE MARKET-DAY THOU WAS NAE SOBER;



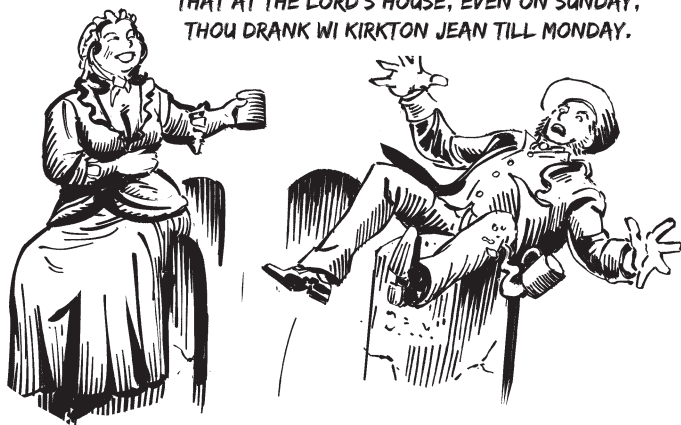
THAT ILKA MELDER WI THE MILLER,  
THOU SAT AS LANG AS THOU HAD SILLER;



THAT EVERY NAIG WAS CA'D A SHOE ON,  
THE SMITH AND THEE GAT ROARIN FOU ON;



THAT AT THE LORD'S HOUSE, EVEN ON SUNDAY,  
THOU DRANK WI KIRKTON JEAN TILL MONDAY.



SHE PROPHESED THAT, LATE OR SOON,  
THOU WAD BE FOOND DEEP DROONED IN DOON,




OR CATCH'D WI WARLOCKS IN THE MIRK,  
BY ALLOWAY'S AULD HAUNTED KIRK.



AH, GENTLE DAMES! IT GARS ME GREET  
TAE THINK HOW MONY COUNSELS SWEET



HOW MONY LENGTHEN'D SAGE ADVICES,  
THE HUSBAND FRAE THE WIFE DESPISES!




BUT TAE OOR TALE: AE MARKET-NIGHT,  
TAM HAD GOT PLANTED UNCO RIGHT,  
FAST BY AN INGLE, BLEEZIN FINELY,  
WI REEMIN SWATS THAT DRANK DIVINELY;

AND AT HIS ELBOW, SOUTER JOHNNIE,  
HIS ANCIENT, TRUSTY, DROUTHY CRONIE;  
TAM LO'ED HIM LIKE A VERA BRITHER;  
THEY HAD BEEN FOU FOR WEEKS TEGTHER.

THE NIGHT DRAVE ON WI SANGS AND CLATTER;  
AND AYE THE ALE WAS GROWIN BETTER;  
THE LANDLADY AND TAM GREW GRACIOUS,  
WI FAVOURS SECRET, SWEET, AND PRECIOUS:

THE SOUTER TAULD HIS QUEEREST STORIES;  
THE LANDLORD'S LAUGH WAS READY CHORUS:  
THE STORM WITHOOT MIGHT RAIR AND RUSTLE,  
TAM DID NA MIND THE STORM A WHISTLE.

CARE, MAD TO SEE A MAN SAE HAPPY,  
E'EN DROONED HIMSEL AMANG THE NAPPY.  
AS BEES FLEE HAME WI LADES O TREASURE,  
THE MINUTES WING'D THEIR WAY WI PLEASURE;  
KINGS MAY BE BLEST, BUT TAM WAS GLORIOUS,  
O'ER A' THE ILLS O LIFE VICTORIOUS!

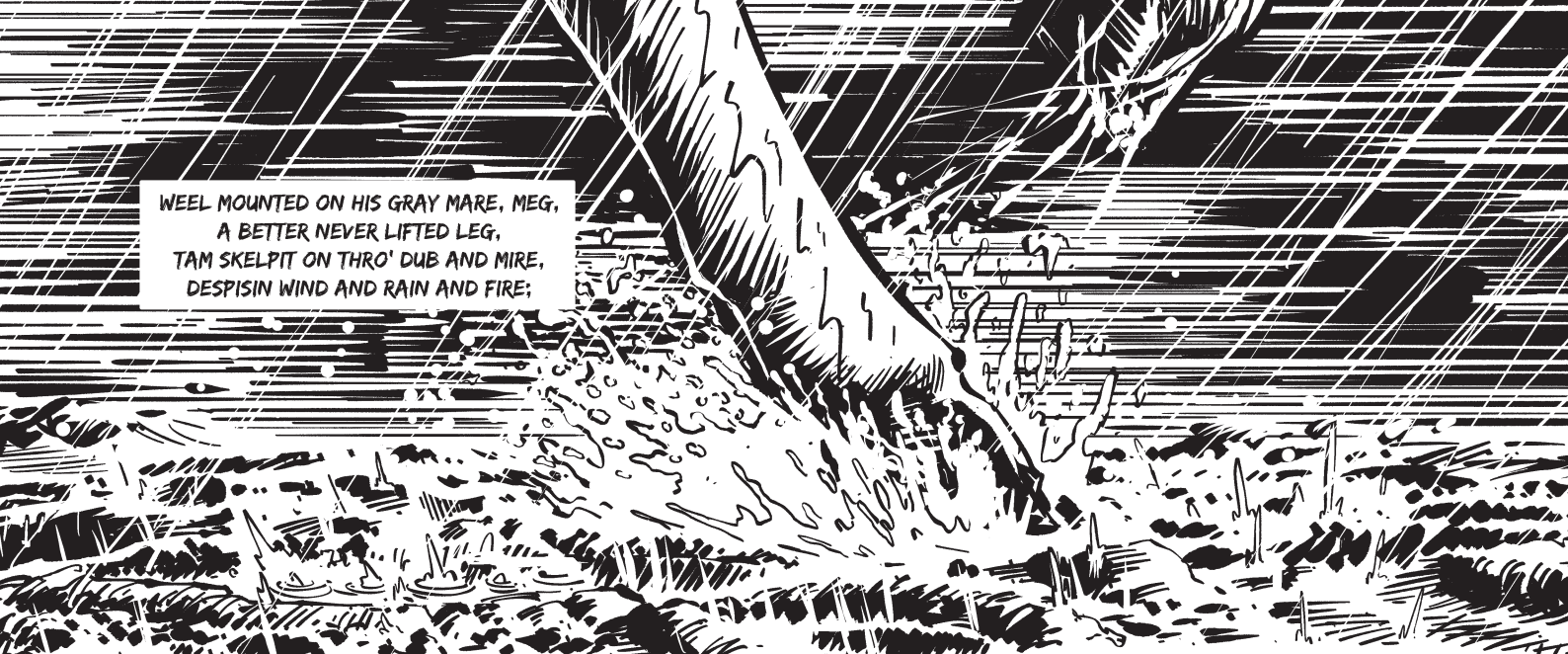


BUT PLEASURES ARE LIKE POPPIES SPREAD:  
YOU SEIZE THE FLOWER, ITS BLOOM IS SHED;  
OR LIKE THE SNOW FALLS IN THE RIVER,  
A MOMENT WHITE—THEN MELTS FOR EVER;

OR LIKE THE BOREALIS RACE,  
THAT FLIT ERE YOU CAN POINT THEIR PLACE;  
OR LIKE THE RAINBOW'S LOVELY FORM  
EVANISHING AMID THE STORM.

NAE MAN CAN TETHER TIME OR TIDE,  
THE OOR APPROACHES TAM MAUN RIDE;  
THAT OOR, O NICHT'S BLACK ARCH THE KEY-STANE,  
THAT DREARY OOR HE MOUNTS HIS BEAST IN;  
AND SIC A NICHT HE TAKS THE ROAD IN,  
AS NE'ER PUIR SINNER WAS ABROAD IN.

THE WIND BLEW AS 'TWARD BLAWN ITS LAST;  
THE RATTLIN SHOWERS ROSE ON THE BLAST;  
THE SPEEDY GLEAMS THE DARKNESS SWALLOW'D;  
LOUD, DEEP, AND LANG, THE THUNDER BELLOW'D;  
THAT NICHT, A CHILD MIGHT UNDERSTAND,  
THE DEIL HAD BUSINESS ON HIS HAND.

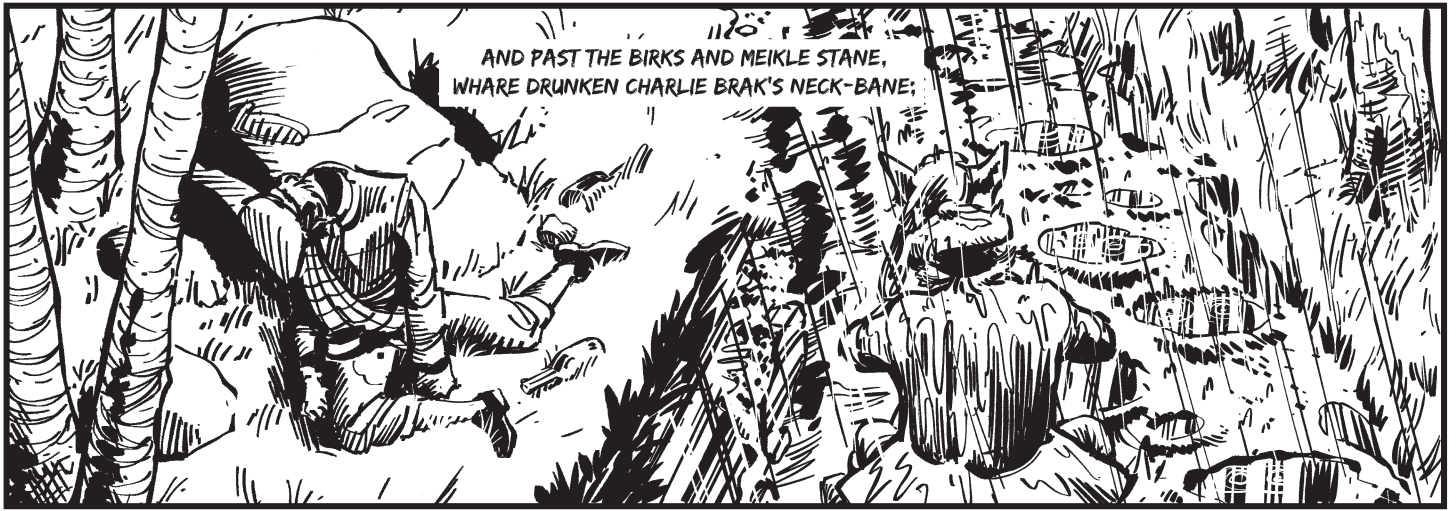


WEEL MOUNTED ON HIS GRAY MARE, MEG,  
A BETTER NEVER LIFTED LEG,  
TAM SKELPIT ON THRO' DUB AND MIRE,  
DESPISIN WIND AND RAIN AND FIRE;





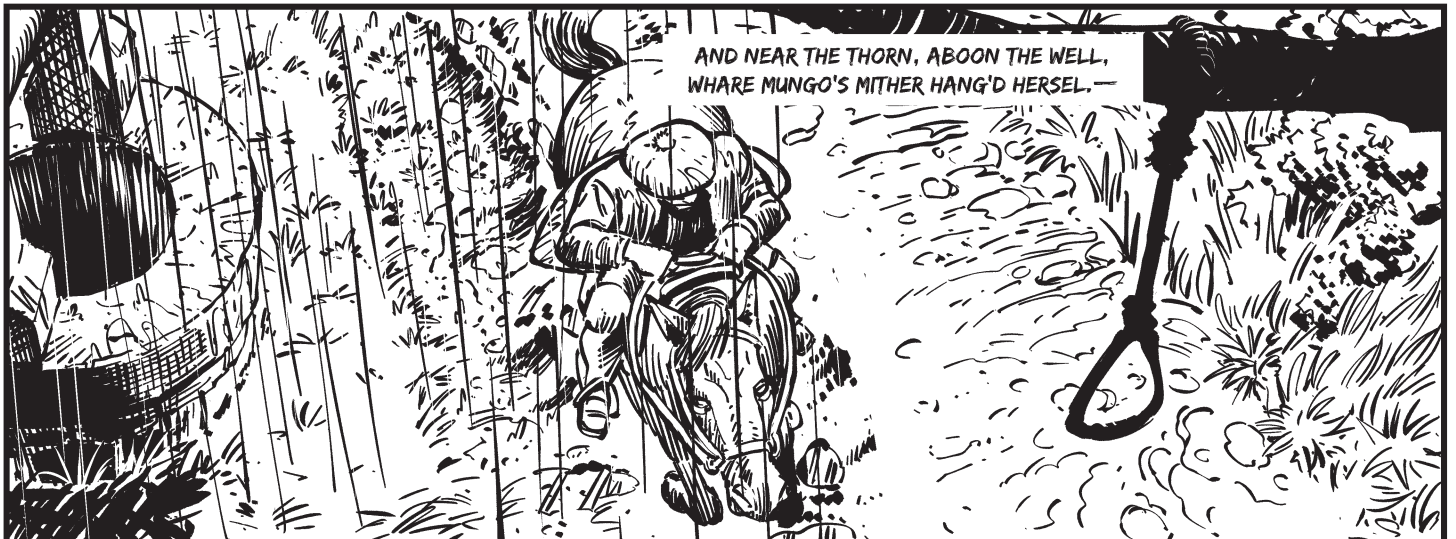
BY THIS TIME HE WAS CROSS THE FORD,  
WHARE IN THE SNAW THE CHAPMAN SMOOR'D;



AND PAST THE BIRKS AND MEIKLE STANE,  
WHARE DRUNKEN CHARLIE BRAK'S NECK-BANE;



AND THRO' THE WHINS, AND BY THE CAIRN,  
WHARE HUNTERS FAND THE MURDER'D BAIRN;



AND NEAR THE THORN, ABOON THE WELL,  
WHARE MUNGO'S MITHER HANG'D HERSEL.—

BEFORE HIM DOON POURS A' HIS FLOODS;  
THE DOUBLING STORM ROARS THRO' THE WOODS;  
THE LIGHTNINS FLASH FRAE POLE TAE POLE;  
NEAR AND MAIR NEAR THE THUNDERS ROLL:

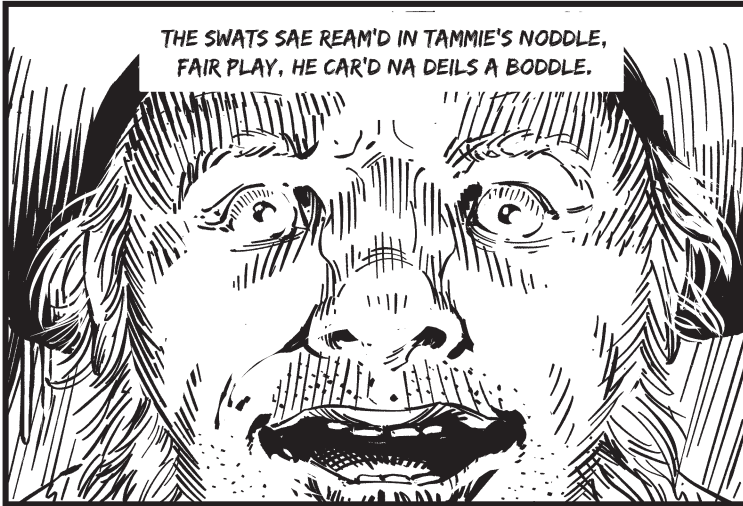


WHEN, GLIMMERIN THRO' THE GROANIN TREES,  
KIRK-ALLOWAY SEEM'D IN A BLEEZE;  
THRO' ILKA BORE THE BEAMS WERE GLANCIN;  
AND LOUD RESOUNDED MIRTH AND DANCIN.—

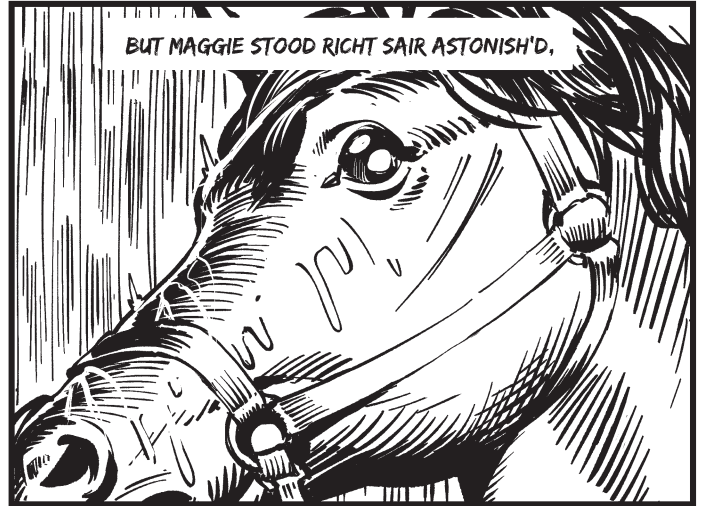
INSPIRING BOLD JOHN BARLEYCORN!  
WHAT DANGERS THOU CANST MAK US SCORN!

WI TIPPENY, WE FEAR NAE EVIL —  
WI USQUABAE, WE'LL FACE THE DEEVIL! —

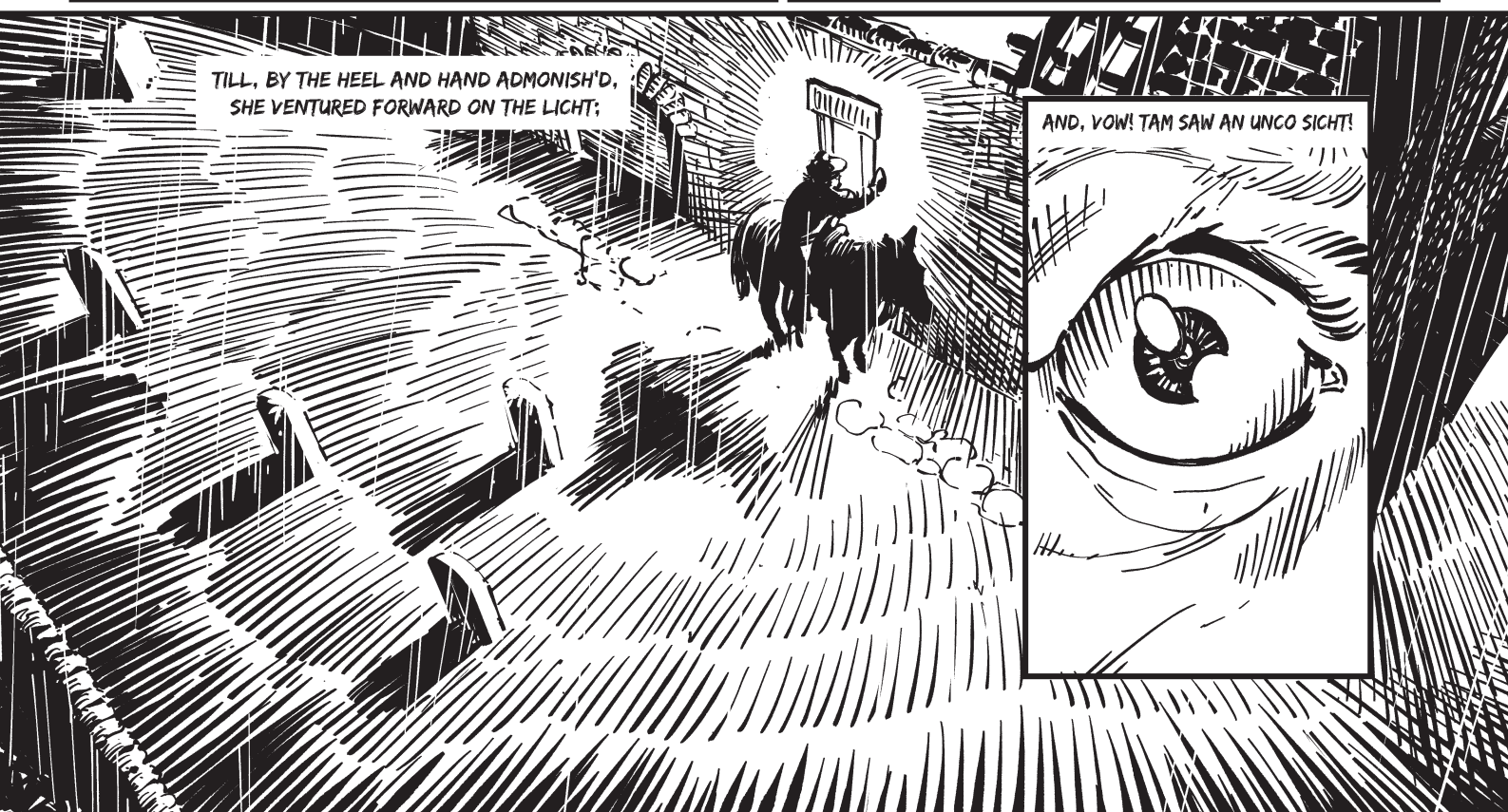
THE SWATS SAE REAM'D IN TAMMIE'S NODDLE,  
FAIR PLAY, HE CAR'D NA DEILS A BODDLE.



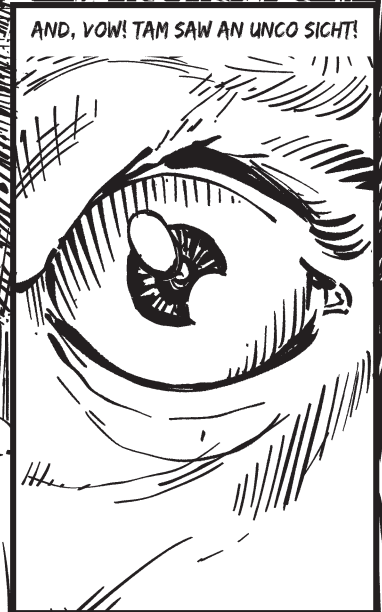
BUT MAGGIE STOOD RIGHT SAIR ASTONISH'D,



TILL, BY THE HEEL AND HAND ADMONISH'D,  
SHE VENTURED FORWARD ON THE LIGHT;



AND, VOW! TAM SAW AN UNCO SIGHT!








WARLOCKS AND WITCHES IN A DANCE!  
NAE COTILLION BRENT-NEW FRAE FRANCE,  
BUT HORNPIPES, JIGS, STRATHSPEYS, AND REELS,  
PIT LIFE AND METTLE IN THEIR HEELS.

AT WINNOCK-BUNKER IN THE EAST,  
THERE SAT AULD NICK, IN SHAPE O BEAST;  
A TOWZIE TYKE, BLACK, GRIM, AND LARGE,  
TAE GIE THEM MUSIC WAS HIS CHARGE:  
HE SCREW'D THE PIPES AND GART THEM SKIRL,  
TILL ROOF AND RAFTERS A' DID DIRL.—

COFFINS STOOD ROOND, LIKE OPEN PRESSES,  
THAT SHAW'D THE DEID IN THEIR LAST DRESSES;  
AND BY SOME DEVILISH CANTRAIPT SLIGHT,  
EACH IN ITS CAULD HAND HELD A LIGHT.—

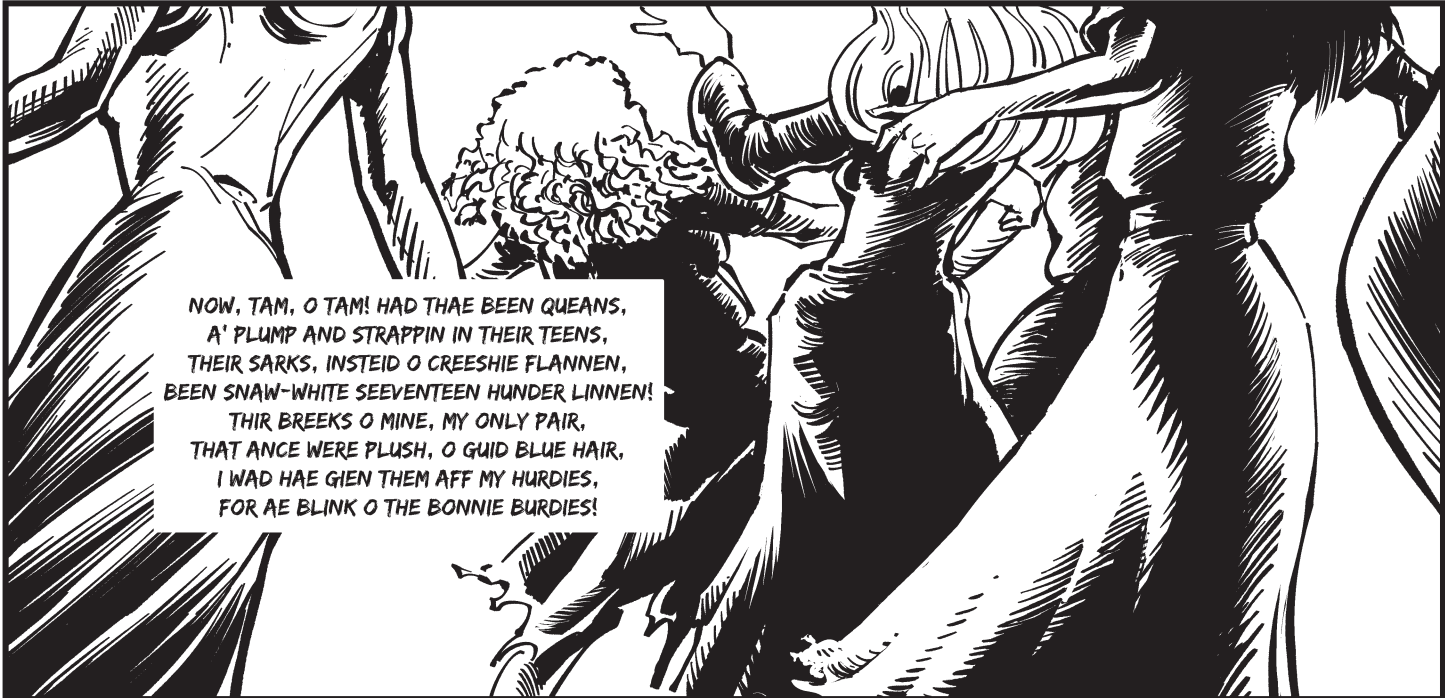
BY WHICH HEROIC TAM WAS ABLE  
TAE NOTE UPON THE HALY TABLE,  
A MURDERER'S BANES IN GIBBET AIRNS;  
TWA SPAN-LANG, WEE, UNCHRISTEN'D BAIRNS;  
A THIEF, NEW-CUTTIT FRAE A RAPE,  
WI HIS LAST GASP HIS GAB DID GAPE;

FIVE TOMAHAWKS, WI BLUDE RED-RUSTED;  
FIVE SCYMITARS, WI MURDER CRUSTED;  
A GARTER, WHICH A BABE HAD STRANGLD;  
A KNIFE, A FAITHER'S THROAT HAD MANGLED,  
WHOM HIS AIN SON O LIFE BEREFT,  
THE GREY HAIRS YET STACK TAE THE HEFT;  
WI MAIR O HORRIBLE AND AWFU,  
WHICH EVEN TAE NAME WAD BE UNLAWFU.




AS TAMMIE GLOWR'D, AMAZ'D AND CURIOUS,  
THE MIRTH AND FUN GREW FAST AND FURIOUS:  
THE PIPER LOUD AND LOUDER BLEW;  
THE DANCERS QUICK AND QUICKER FLEW;

THEY REEL'D, THEY SET, THEY CROSS'D, THEY CLEEKIT,  
TILL ILKA CARLIN SWAT AND REEKIT,  
AND COOST THEIR DUDDIES TAE THE WARK,  
AND LINKET AT IT IN HER SARK!



NOW, TAM, O TAM! HAD THAE BEEN QUEANS,  
A' PLUMP AND STRAPPIN IN THEIR TEENS,  
THEIR SARKS, INSTEID O CREEESHIE FLANNEN,  
BEEN SNAW-WHITE SEEVENTEEN HUNDER LINNEN!  
THIR BREEKS O MINE, MY ONLY PAIR,  
THAT ANCE WERE PLUSH, O GUID BLUE HAIR,  
I WAD HAE GIEN THEM AFF MY HURDIES,  
FOR AE BLINK O THE BONNIE BURDIES!



BUT WITHER'D BELDAMS, AULD AND DROLL,  
RIGWOODIE HAGS WAD SPEAN A FOAL,  
LOWPIN AND FLINGIN ON A CRUMMOCK,  
I WONDER DIDNA TURN THY STOMACH.

BUT TAM KEND WHAT WAS WHAT FU BRAWLIE,  
THERE WAS AE WINSOME WENCH AND WAWLIE,

THAT NICH ENLISTED IN THE CORE,  
LANG EFTER KENT ON CARRICK SHORE  
(FOR MONY A BEAST TAE DEID SHE SHOT,

AND PERISH'D MONY A BONNIE BOAT,  
AND SHOOK BAITH MEIKLE CORN AND BEAR,  
AND KEPT THE COUNTRY-SIDE IN FEAR);

HER CUTTY SARK, O PAISLEY HARN,  
THAT WHILE A LASSIE SHE HAD WORN,  
IN LONGITUDE THO' SORELY SCANTY,  
IT WAS HER BEST, AND SHE WAS VAUNTIE.—  
AH! LITTLE KENT THY REVEREND GRANNIE,  
THAT SARK SHE COFT FOR HER WEE NANNIE,  
WI TWA PUND SCOTS, ('T WAS A' HER RICHES),  
WAD EVER GRAC'D A DANCE O WITCHES!



BUT HERE MY MUSE HER WING MAUN COUR;  
SIC FLICHTS ARE FAR BEYOND HER POW'R;  
TAE SING HOW NANNIE LAP AND FLANG,  
(A SOUPLE JADE SHE WAS, AND STRANG),  
AND HOW TAM STOOD, LIKE ANE BEWITCH'D,  
AND THOCHT HIS VERY EEN ENRICH'D;  
EVEN SATAN GLOWR'D, AND FIDG'D FU FAIN,  
AND HOTCH'D AN BLEW WI MIGHT AND MAIN:  
TILL FIRST AE CAPER, SYNE ANITHER,  
TAM TINT HIS REASON A' THEGITHER,  
AND ROARS OOT . . .

WEEL  
DONE,  
CUTTY-  
SARK!



AND IN AN INSTANT,  
AW WIS DARK.



AND SCARCELY HAD HE MAGGIE RALLIED,  
WHEN OOT THE HELLISH LEGION SALLIED.

AS BEES BIZZ OOT WI ANGRY FYKE,  
WHEN PLUNDERIN HERDS ASSAIL THEIR BYKE;  
AS OPEN PUSSIE'S MORTAL FOES,  
WHEN, POP! SHE STARTS BEFORE THEIR NOSE;  
AS EAGER RUNS THE MARKET-CROWD,  
WHEN 'CATCH THE THIEF!' RESOUNDS ALOUD;  
SO MAGGIE RUNS, THE WITCHES FOLLOW,  
WI MONY AN ELDRITCH SKRIECH AND HOLLO.

AH, TAM! AH, TAM! THOU'LL GET THY FAIRIN!  
IN HELL THEY'LL ROAST THEE LIKE A HERRIN!  
IN VAIN THY KATE AWAITS THY COMIN!  
KATE SOON WILL BE A WOEFU WUMMIN!

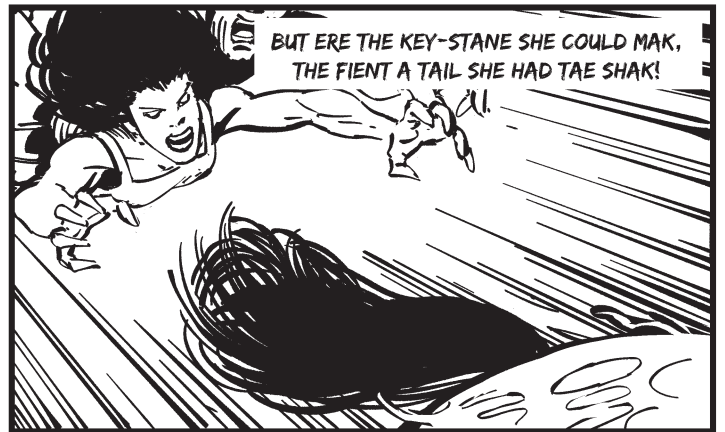




NOO, DAE THY SPEEDY UTMOST, MEG,  
AND WIN THE KEY-STANE O THE BRIG;



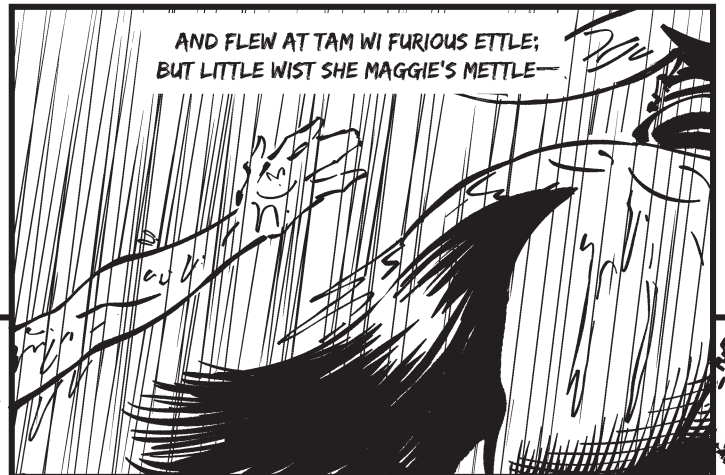
THERE AT THEM THOU THY TAIL MAY TOSS,  
A RUNNIN STREAM THEY DARE NA CROSS.



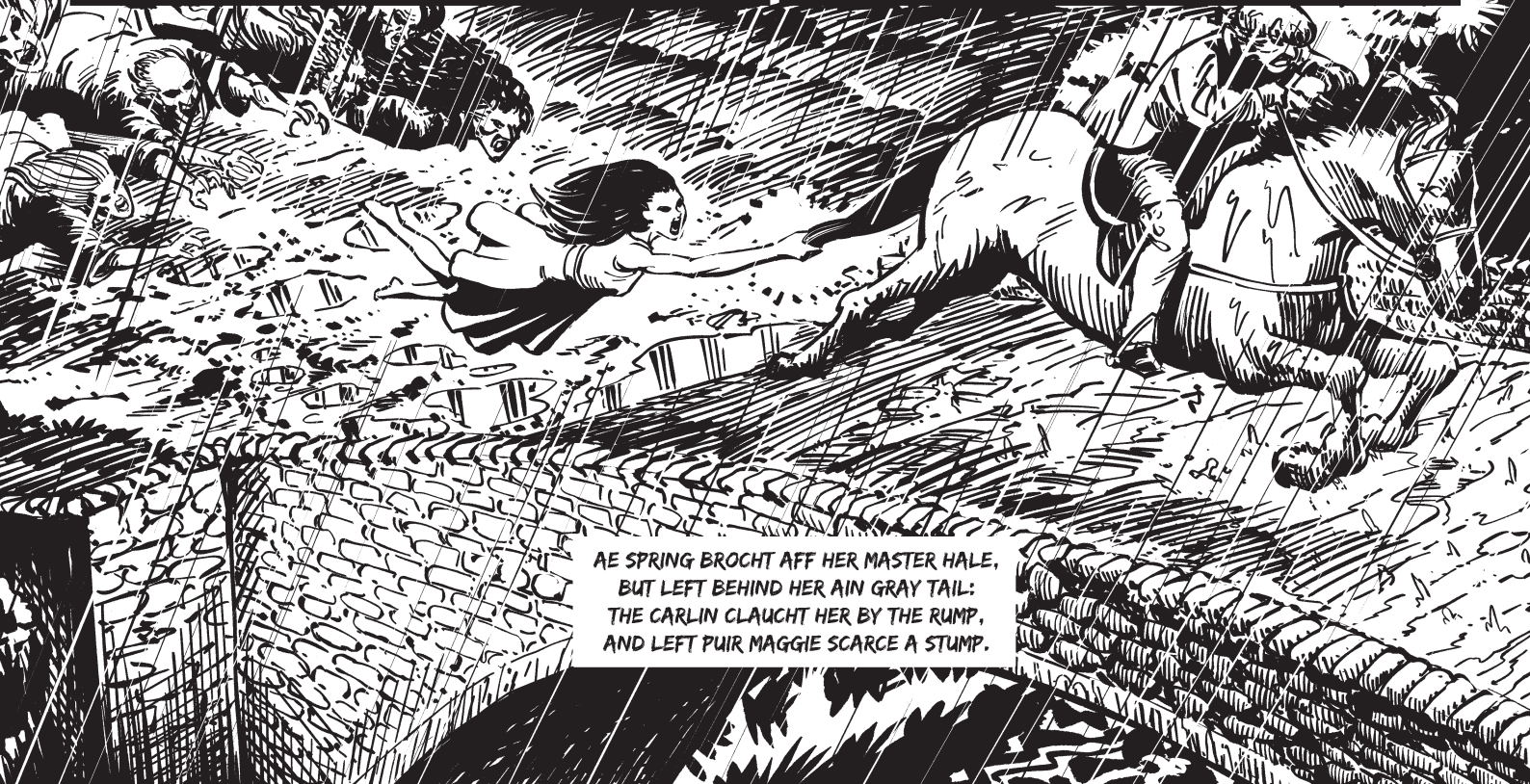
BUT ERE THE KEY-STANE SHE COULD MAK,  
THE FIEN A TAIL SHE HAD TAE SHAK!



FOR NANNIE, FAR BEFORE THE REST,  
HARD UPON NOBLE MAGGIE PREST,



AND FLEW AT TAM WI FURIOUS ETTLE;  
BUT LITTLE WIST SHE MAGGIE'S METTLE—



AE SPRING BROCHT AFF HER MASTER HALE,  
BUT LEFT BEHIND HER AIN GRAY TAIL;  
THE CARLIN CLAUCHT HER BY THE RUMP,  
AND LEFT PUIR MAGGIE SCARCE A STUMP.

NOO, WHA THIS TALE O TRUTH SHALL READ,  
ILK MAN AND MOTHER'S SON, TAK HEED:  
WHENE'ER TAE DRINK YOU ARE INCLIN'D,  
OR CUTTY-SARKS RIN IN YOUR MIND,  
THINK! YE MAY BUY THE JOYS O'ER DEAR;  
REMEMBER TAM O SHANTER'S MARE.



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